

EL PASO HERALD

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No. 97

The El Paso Herald

HERALD TRAVELING AGENTS.

Persons solicited to subscribe for The Herald should beware of impostors and should not pay money to anyone unless he can show that he is legally authorized by the El Paso Herald.

Abolishing the Store Order System

It is reported that on September 1 the Calumet & Arizona Mining company at Bisbee, one of the largest copper mining concerns in the country, will abolish the store order system and henceforth pay its employees regularly in cash, the employees to trade where they wish. The Shattuck, another large concern, will probably follow suit.

Jack Greenway, the new manager of the C. & A., is doing a lot of things to the camp with his modern aggressive methods. Greenway is the college athlete and Rough Rider who established and "ran" the remarkable city of Coleraine, Minn., named after Thomas F. Cole, who was general manager of the Oliver Iron company, the mining division of the United States Steel corporation, at the time the new city was laid out. Coleraine is the "company town" in the great iron range, and Greenway was its czar. But he was a beneficent despot. He established highly satisfactory conditions of living in the camp, fostered every feature of legitimate public amusement, planned the town for the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants, and looked always into the future. He stood for law, order, and decency, and he did not withhold his hand from the disorderly saloon, the gambling house, and the disorderly element that usually infests such a settlement. He made a record to be proud of, and earned the right to an opportunity in a wider field.

By expressing in the most emphatic and conclusive way his opposition to the store order system, manager Greenway has performed a great service to all the people of Arizona, and especially to those of Bisbee. The wage workers are interested most of all in the passing of the store order system, for the open system will give the men and the women of their families greater independence with ultimate advantage of competition as independent merchants come in and build up their trade. Next to the wage workers, the mining companies themselves are the greatest gainers by the abolishing of store orders, for this will remove the most frequent and most persistent source of friction between employer and employee, encourage the self respect of the workers, and make for permanence in the citizenship of the camp. Finally, the business interests of the city will benefit largely, through the creation of normal competitive conditions of trade, the spreading out of the business district, and the coming of special stores in the various mercantile lines. The company stores with their unlimited capital, splendid organization, and ability to buy and ship in enormous quantities, create a commercial condition unfavorable to the development of independent trading establishments, thus obstructing the natural commercial progress of a community in which the store order system is dominant. The company store and boleto system are all right and indeed necessary in new, undeveloped, or isolated mining camps, but in cities like Bisbee and the other big Arizona mining centers they are an unnecessary source of friction between the companies and their employees, and between the companies and the other business elements in the community, so that the direct profits of the store business may easily be offset by the indirect losses due to adverse sentiment and discontent.

A paper says "there is beauty in barefoot" and suggests that the biblical custom would not be a bad one to return to. Barefoot on bitulithic pavement in August may be beautiful, but they wouldn't be comfortable.

King Alfonso, while visiting England the other day, thought it fun to arouse the guests of the house at night by springing a fire alarm. Kingly sport sometimes passes the understanding of ordinary mortals.

Economic Law and Car Fare

The 3 cent fare experiment in Cleveland is pronounced a failure, for it does not produce enough income to pay expenses and take care of betterments and depreciation. The traction system is practically under municipal control, too, so that the people have the question in their own hands to solve, but what the company long resisted as impractical the municipality also finds impractical.

The point on which the split will likely come is the necessity of affording better service. The public is demanding better cars, more of them, extensions of trackage, and a lot of other things that cost good money. Under private ownership, it is easy enough to cuss the company, make demands, pass resolutions, threaten government interference, and all that. Under public control the case is different. The people find their own pocketbooks getting thinner and they can't figure out what they so often insist on the private corporations doing—any way to find the money for improved service unless the earnings justify the expenditure, or the borrowing of new capital.

The 3 cent fare will be given a very thorough trial, but at last the municipality will have to acknowledge the necessity of charging what the business requires to take care of operation, fixed charges, extensions, betterments, and depreciation. The same principles, exactly, apply to the cry of demagogues in this state and elsewhere for a 2 cent basis of railroad fares. We pass dozens of laws regulating railroads, all of which tend to increase the cost of carrying on the business and to decrease the maximum revenue possible to earn. Then in the face of costly restrictions and new requirements—many or most of which are desirable and necessary no doubt for the public comfort, convenience, and good service—we hear the unjustifiable demand on the part of demagogues for a cut of one-third in the average fare.

The people of Cleveland are coming to the point where they will ask only for a thoroughly satisfactory traction service at the lowest fare for which such service can be furnished. This is the logical attitude of the people toward the railroads—the best possible service at the lowest rates that, after operation and fixed charges have been taken care of, will afford a fair return upon invested capital, and provide for extensions, betterments, and depreciation.

What west Texas needs today worse than anything else is new railroad construction, and the proposition must be presented to investors in a business way. It is not business, it is not good sense, or even common honesty and fair play, to approach railroad builders from in front with a luring project for new railroad construction, while a pal slips up behind with a club.

One thing can be said for Mr. Bryan; he has often sacrificed expediency for conviction, which cannot be said of all office seekers and public men.

New York still holds her lead as the largest city in the country. The new population is 4,400,000, according to Washington reports, while Chicago comes next with 2,400,000. El Paso is further down the list.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

YOUNG Alexander Jimpson Jopp was working in a hardware shop, and as he wrapped up iron rails, and anvils, bolts and logs of rails, and knives and screws and pigs of lead, he often said: "This labor makes me tired, by jings! For I was built for higher things. I'm fitted to adorn the bench instead of selling monkey-wrench, and spade and hoe and tailor's gesso, and evil-smelling axle grease." He loathed the work he had to do, and cursed it till the air was blue. Young Richard Henry James Kerfloop was also working in that shop; he carried anvils all the day, and as he toiled he used to say: "There may be better jobs than this, imparting more of ease and bliss, but I will do my best, and strive, to show the boss that I'm alive; I may be built for higher spheres, but I won't wet the shop with tears. If those blamed spheres are hunting me, they'll find me busy as a bee." Young Alexander Jimpson Jopp still swears around that hardware shop, and carries anvils to and fro, and draws a paltry bunch of dough, while Richard Henry sits in state, wears hard-boiled shirts and pays the freight.

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Oscar M. Adams

Beatrice Fairfax Says Don't Be Content With a Mere Shadow

"And sometimes, when the moon was red,
Came two young lovers newly wed,
I'm half sick of shadows," said the Lady of Shalott.

Do you know the story of the poor, helpless Lady of Shalott, who was forced to look at life through the medium of a looking glass? She sat with her back to a window and watched the world pass by in the mirror. There was a spell on her, which decreed that the moment she looked out of the window her life would end. She was content with her looking glass view of life in all save where love was concerned.

When the Lady Looked,
When lovers passed, the lady of Shalott felt faint longings for something better than that shadowy world. She never looked out of the window.

Then, one day, the shadow of the beautiful knight, Sir Lancelot, flashed into the mirror.
The lady of Shalott turned and looked out of the window, and the curse fell upon her. She had been able to withstand every temptation to look out, but she fell in love.

Don't be content with the shadow of anything if you can have the reality. It is amazing to see the number of people who are content with the shadow of love.

Either they have never had real love, or they have worn it to a shadow. Nothing so quickly dulls love as the commonplace.

A woman allows her husband to see her in unattractive surroundings. She wears dowdy, ugly wrappers and screws her hair into a tight, unbecoming knot. After awhile, she begins to complain

that her husband no longer loves her. Men are very human, and he probably has discovered that some other woman takes more pains to please him than his wife does.

The neglected husband or wife, will always find a ready sympathizer; you may be very sure of that.

The Love That Wears Away.
The love that wears to a shadow is usually love that has been founded by the senses, not by the heart.

Unless there be congeniality and companionship, love cannot last. Many a woman loses her husband simply because she has an overdeveloped idea of her maternal duties.

She spends so much time worrying and fussing over her babies that she grows away from her father. He comes home tired from his day's work and looking forward to a pleasant evening. But he is not allowed to speak above a whisper and his wife can think of nothing but the children.

Is it any wonder that eventually he begins to spend his evenings elsewhere?

The girls who put off marrying until so late that they have to be content with anything they can get, are choosing the shadow of love instead of the substance.

Such a girl refuses the man she loves because he is poor, and ends by marrying a man who is better off, but whom she never can really love.

Don't love that man, but people would think it so queer to hear him say: "I once heard a girl say 'The man I loved, and I loved him, because of what others might think, the girl refused him. The chance for real love comes your way, take it; don't wait for a shadow."

THE RANSOM

By Geo. Canterre.

RAOUL DE BRESAC was pacing restlessly and down the floor of his room and was evidently very much distressed when his friend, Paul Duverney, came in to see him. "What is the matter, old boy?" You certainly look as if you were ready to do anything.

Raoul stopped, gave his friend the tips of his fingers to shake, and drew a deep sigh.

"Are you sick, or has the lovely Mlle. Suzanne—"

"Sit down, Paul. The whole thing is that I have been a blamed fool."

"How did you find that out?"

"You know that for some time I have been mixed up with count de Loughal and his set, who are rather fast to put it mildly. My worst fault is that I can never say no, and so when they suggested that we play, I sat down to the tables with them and the last two nights lost about 60,000 francs, for which they hold my notes."

"You must have had rather bad luck."

"Yesterday I wrote my father and made a clean breast of it. I promised never to touch a card again if he helped me out of this time."

"And he refused?"

"Yes. He reminded me that he had paid my debts several times before but that he considered gambling for high stakes a crime and neither could nor would help me. I told him it was a debt of honor, but he said it was the most dishonorable way of making or losing money that he knew."

"At last he said the very best thing I could do would be to give up all my present friends and suggested I should travel for a year or so and he would then make me an allowance of 250 francs a week."

"What did you say?"

"What could I say. I had no choice. I will not go to the money lenders, so I will have to persuade the boys to wait until I am able to honor my notes."

"Now listen, Raoul. Suppose we travel. I will go with you and we will walk together through Switzerland and Italy."

"You are a brick, Paul. Let us start this week."

Three months had gone since Raoul de Bresac left, during which time he had written the boys and suggested and told him all his little adventures. Then suddenly no more letters came.

Of late the old count had often asked himself if he had not been too hard on the boy. Raoul was after all a very good boy, whose worst vice was his lack of will power. He was certainly no gambler by nature.

This feeling grew stronger when no letters came, and when the countless daily begged him to forgive and forget. He finally decided to call Raoul back as soon as he got his address.

A few days later the address came, but in a letter that ran:

"Most Illustrious Signor:

"Your excellency's son has shown us the honor to take his residence at our humble home and has given us your address that we may tell you he is in the best of health. He now wishes to leave us, but before we can allow him to do so your excellency must first send us 100,000 francs in gold to make up for the loss of his pleasant company. Any attempt to notify the gendarme will result in serious harm to your excellency's son."

"Guisepe!"

Guisepe! The most bloodthirsty and cruel of all modern brigands, on whose head the Italian government had offered an enormous prize.

Count de Bresac explored the count to send the money immediately, and she was seconded by her three young daughters, who were very fond of their brother and who offered not to buy a single hat or dress for the

next 12 months if he would only do so.

But the count did not think it necessary to give in immediately. A smaller amount would no doubt be accepted.

He offered 50,000 francs, but this was not accepted. The count tried once more and offered 60,000 francs.

The count's answer was expected none came, and the count counted two sleepless nights and two days of unexpressed misery.

On the third day there came a small parcel addressed in the now familiar handwriting. With trembling fingers he opened the little box and found in it the brigand's crushing answer—a human var packed in sawdust and with a slip attached on which was written: "Not less than 100,000 francs. Part of his excellency is sent free of charge that he may hear your final decision."

Count de Bresac never forgot this memorable day. His wife's and daughter's fainting spells and reproaches which were never far from his ears almost as well have been guilty of cutting his son's ear off in person.

He often wondered that he did not go to the police, but the crisis came in the evening when the count and his daughters all dressed in deep mourning solemnly walked to the park where the gardener had dug a small grave and a tree alongside the brook. Here the ear was buried and many tears were shed.

That evening's mail carried two letters, one to the brigand, the other to the family, who happened to be in the city at the indicated place, containing a draft for 100,000 francs. Count de Bresac asked him to communicate with Guisepe immediately and make him release his prisoner.

The count did so, and a certain night he went to a lonely spot in the woods carrying 100,000 francs in gold. There he was met by a sunburned, black and carrying a rifle, two revolvers and a couple of daggers. Guisepe, loudly displayed. The man walked a little further into the wood followed by the count. Then he whistled shrilly, slow steps were heard and the melancholy figure of the prisoner appeared. He was placed next to his rescuer, the gold was carefully counted and the count was permitted to leave with Raoul, who was a free man once more.

Chateau de Bresac was beautifully illuminated the night when the heir was expected to return and when he did come there was no end to the joy. He was kissed and hugged and his body in turn, but suddenly his mother exclaimed: "Why Raoul, dear, you have two ears."

"Of course I have. Why should I not?"

"But we buried one in the park."

Raoul did not understand and said he knew nothing about it, but that it probably a trick to get the money quicker.

When he met Paul the next time, a week later, he said:

"What was that tale about the ear? Why did you not put me on to that?"

"Because I was sure you would object and as it was necessary to end the matter, I bought the ear from a medical student."

"Well, I was dumfounded when they accused me of having two ears and said they had buried one. But the money?"

I told the boys you had arranged a loan and authorized me to pay your share. I bought your checks back for 55,553 francs. The remainder—"

"Is yours for your trouble and to pay for your eternal silence."

"Thank you. I won't say a word, but I was deceived hard to say nothing when we had the count in the wood. I came near bursting out laughing at the sight of his serious face when he counted the money."

Marked Distinction Between The Various German Classes

XVII.—THE GERMAN ADVANCE.

BERLIN, Germany, Aug. 21.—Social gradations in Germany are much more sharply defined than in either of the other great Teutonic nations. The German genius for organization has effected the social relations of men just as it has the political and industrial affairs of the empire. The paternalistic bureaucracy which controls the political and business affairs of every German also fixes his special status. Roughly speaking, it may be said that in England a man's social position is determined by his birth, in America by his wealth and in Germany by his job. No matter whether a man was born in a palace or a hut, no matter whether he has millions or nothing, if he is an army officer he has a social rank above that of any professional or commercial man. The army is socially supreme.

There always have been, now are, and ever shall be classes and class distinctions, among men. In some countries these class distinctions have both social and political effect. In others they are only social. In Great Britain the class lines still divide political camps, but they are so fixed and immutable that they are not a factor in the political life. In the United States where the class distinctions are purely social, or financial, there is much less mingling between the aristocrats and the proletarians than in England, for the reason that the proletarian is not willing to recognize the condescending superiority of the other fellow.

Political and Social Lines.
But in Germany, where the class distinctions are not only social, but also political and industrial there is practically no intermingling whatever. Every person is given an exact social standing, and every considerable person above the rank of a mere manual laborer has a handle to his name which enables even the stranger to determine that standing. When a German journeys from one city to another he is met by the agent of the police, the hotel clerk or lodging house janitor, with a statement giving his name, his home address and his "stand." That means not only his occupation, but also his social position.

Women Most Insistent.
As in every other country the women are more insistent than the men upon social distinctions in social relations. The German woman claims as her own the full title of her husband and master, and must be accorded equal social honors. If she is the wife of a young officer she must be addressed as Mrs. Lieutenant. If she is the wife of a clerk in a postoffice she will be addressed as Mrs. Director or Postmaster. If her husband is the postmaster she will be Mrs. Upper Division.

Max Krakauer is in town.
R. J. Cole, of Alpine is at the Vendome.
Charles S. Morton has returned to San Antonio.
Collector Davis has returned from his trip to the City of Mexico.
Engineer Levi Phillips, of Las Vegas, is in the city on a visit.
Miss Anna Harper has returned from her month's vacation to east Texas.
William Meineke leaves tonight on a prospecting trip through Mexico.
Mr. Copeland of the Santa Fe has returned from a business trip to the north.
Little Miss Adeline Lane has returned from her vacation trip to Las Cruces.
Maury Kemp arrived yesterday from Virginia university on a 10 days' vacation.
George Fitzgerald leaves in the morning for a three weeks' business trip to New York.
Mrs. C. C. Brown has been suddenly called to Alexandria, La., by the serious illness of her brother-in-law.
Agent F. J. Donohue, of the Mexican Central, has gone to Topeka to consult with president Robinson of that road.
Misses Besse and Bina Paul returned home Saturday after a two months' visit with their sister, Mrs. Jas. A. Marshall, of San Antonio.
Miss Bertha C. Mason, of Houston, arrived Saturday to begin her work as teacher in the Christian mission of C. Juarez.
Two boys named Velarde and Guiseppe made a raid on the home of the former's mother, at Juarez, last night, and carried off all the jewelry they could find, besides \$500 in money. Both are now in the Juarez jail. Several pieces of jewelry and \$640 in money have been recovered.
Including the Mexican and colored, there are 946 children enrolled on the public school record.
The advance agent of Charles N. Crittenden, the millionaire evangelist, is in El Paso, preparing for a trip here by the special car in which the evangelist travels.
Metal market: Silver, 66 1/4 to lead, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2; Mexican pesos, El Paso, 53c; Juarez, 53c.

IT WASN'T.
From Albuquerque (N. M.) Morning Journal.

The name of Korea will be Cho-Sen. But it doesn't look exactly like a question of choice.

EL PASO GETTING READY.
From Albuquerque (N. M.) Morning Journal.

There ought to be some good baseball at the fair tournament. Roswell and El Paso are getting into the game and the prospects are good for a bunch of fast ones at the series. Right here is a golden opportunity to give manager Dan the hunch to ginger up and give the visitors a run for their money.

CLASSED WITH SANTA FE.
From Santa Fe (N. M.) News Mexican.

El Paso has 1500 homes that are unfit for habitation according to the health authorities. How many such homes there are in Santa Fe and how many cases of contagious disease, and how many deaths can be blamed upon them, is difficult to determine. A house may be humble, it may be cheap, it may cost only a few dollars, but that does not mean necessarily that it is unsanitary. Santa Fe should have a building inspector, who besides seeing to it that new structures are safe and sound in building regulations, should also look after their being sanitary and having ample provision to let in air and sunshine.

rector of Posts Mayer, and she will not recognize Mrs. Schwartz in any capacity but that of a inferior. But it must not be thought that these social distinctions are confined to the military and civil service of the government. When Bismarck and his fellows decided to make Germany an industrial nation they recognized the alluring qualities of the German system of titles, and therefore titles were granted to men in trade. A great merchant may become a royal-prince-companion-councillor. That is what Mr. Rockefeller or Mr. Hill would be in Germany. This scheme has its obvious advantages, since it admits successful financiers and merchants to the sacred community of titled personages, yet it does not give them patents of nobility to take their places among the hereditary princes of the realm, as is done when the English promote brewers who have been liberal in campaign contributions to the house of lords, but into the ranks of the nobles of the blood.

A Few 'Tular Appendages.
Thus it is that there is a great festal in a German city when Mr. Royal-Prince-Companion-Councillor-Electrical-Appliance-Factory-Proprietor-Schild-streicher gives the hand of his daughter in marriage to Mr. Lieut. Schmidt. The much-bellied factory owner has reached the highest possible altitude of social distinction in industrial circles. Naturally he shares with his wife and daughter further social ambitions. Therefore he is willing, even anxious, to follow the precedent of social leaders of his land and to pay the debts which the lieutenant has contracted in the years he has been living as an army officer. He has a great respect to place in a government bank to the lieutenant's credit, the large sum which every officer must have in cash for the purchase of his uniform, and a fat dowry for his daughter in order to persuade the lieutenant to marry her—all that the entire family in the next generation may be lifted into the higher social stratum of the military set.

Soldiers Have Credit.
So universal is this social ambition of the well-to-do commercial classes that every spring of an impecunious lieutenant always has unlimited credit with shopkeepers and banks. His pay as an officer is barely sufficient to provide beer and tobacco. He buys his uniforms, his food and drink and he entertains his friends on credit. He never thinks of insulting him by presenting a bill. He knows it would be useless, and what is more important, it would be an insult to the king's army. The lieutenant's social position is not to pay, and that young officer knows it. Both of them know that in the fullness of time the lieutenant will receive a handsome offer of marriage, and that his ambitious father-in-law will be more than glad to settle up all these bills.

Marry in Their Own Class.
The lieutenant is not reckless in affairs of the heart. He is protected by custom from any interference with his amorous excursions among the lower classes, and he will await a good opportunity before he decides to marry and settle up. Of course he does not offend the social sense of anyone by insisting upon a handsome dowry with his bride. Even the poorest peasant in the rural districts, or the most humble laborer or servant in the city, will not take a bride unless she brings him a certain fixed sum in money in addition to a trousseau which includes not only clothing for herself, but all the linen necessary for household uses for years. Servant girls always are pinching and denying themselves every pleasure that they may add to their trousseau and put by a penny in the bank for the dowry, without which there is no hope of attracting even the humblest Prince Charming. The army officer never has dreamed that any man should marry unless there was a cash present with the bride, and conscious of his own immeasurable superiority to all other persons what soever, he deems it nothing but right that he should insist upon a handsome bargain.

(Continued on Page Nine.)

Abe Martin



Th' weddin' at th' Moots home last night went off without a hitch—'s the bridegroom didn't show up. We're allus disappointed when we meet th' son of an old friend.

ant will receive a handsome offer of marriage, and that his ambitious father-in-law will be more than glad to settle up all these bills.

The lieutenant is not reckless in affairs of the heart. He is protected by custom from any interference with his amorous excursions among the lower classes, and he will await a good opportunity before he decides to marry and settle up. Of course he does not offend the social sense of anyone by insisting upon a handsome dowry with his bride. Even the poorest peasant in the rural districts, or the most humble laborer or servant in the city, will not take a bride unless she brings him a certain fixed sum in money in addition to a trousseau which includes not only clothing for herself, but all the linen necessary for household uses for years. Servant girls always are pinching and denying themselves every pleasure that they may add to their trousseau and put by a penny in the bank for the dowry, without which there is no hope of attracting even the humblest Prince Charming. The army officer never has dreamed that any man should marry unless there was a cash present with the bride, and conscious of his own immeasurable superiority to all other persons what soever, he deems it nothing but right that he should insist upon a handsome bargain.

(Continued on Page Nine.)

Married Life the First Year

No. 11 His Sister's Call By Mabel Herbert Urner

IT had been an unusually busy morning. Besides his being Anna's make baking day, Helen had decided, after the breakfast things were cleared away and the kitchen straight to try to wash out a thin lingerie dress. It was so sheer and fine that she was afraid to trust it to the rough treatment of the laundry. And for a gown dry cleaning seemed needlessly expensive.

Anna had good naturedly assured her that they could "rub it out by hand." And they did. Some warm suds of Castile soap, a quick rinse in cold water and it came out beautifully clear and white.

While it was drying Helen, who never did anything by halves, brought out a lot of lace and doilies and white silk gloves and washed them also. She was enjoying it immensely. It was like wash doll clothes in her little girl days.

When she got out a box full of narrow lingerie ribbons—the collection of weeks. They had seemed too rumped to run back in the underwear from which they were taken when the pieces were taken to the laundry, and yet too fresh to throw away. So now she sorted and rinsed them out and pressed them and rolled them up neatly on pieces of cardboard.

"Oh Anna! I'm having a beautiful time! Can you think of something else I can wash out?"

"Too busy to eat or talk."

"I guess your dress is ready to iron now, ma'am. By the time you're through that you'll be tired enough to quit."

"She rolled the dress from the towel into which Anna had wrapped it tightly after sprinkling with cold starch."

While Anna made the leing for the cakes and prepared the vegetables for dinner, Helen ironed the dress. It was fascinating work—the thin lace fringed pressed out like new. A real "store finish," Anna called it.

"Haden't I better fix you some lunch now, ma'am. It's getting after one."

"Oh, no! I'm going to think of ironing for lunch. Just get me a glass of milk and some crackers. Oh, dear! Anna you mustn't talk to me; just look what you made me do! Is it scorching bad?"

"That'll come out, ma'am. It's just yellowed a little. I guess them irons is too hot, anyway." And she carefully lowered the gas.

It was almost three before the dress was finished and spread out on the bed in the spare room. It looked lovely. Anna agreed that the laundry could not have done it half as well.

And then, for the first time, Helen realized that she was tired—very tired. Her back and side ached from the unaccustomed work.

She got out of her clothes with a sense of relief, and prepared to lie down for a nap. She would awaken red and refreshed, and put on the dress for dinner. And Warren would hardly believe that she had done it up herself.